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PRESS
JAY & SILENT BOB
4 of 4
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1993
VIEW
ASKEW

View Askew Productions Presents

Jay & Silent Bob™ #4

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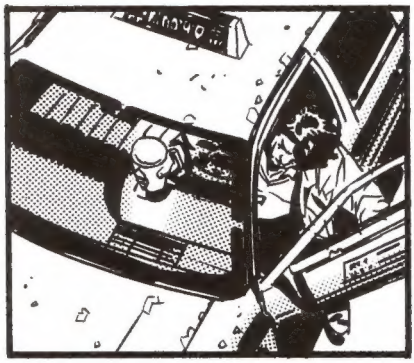
www.viewaskew.com

Jay & Silent Bob #4 (of 4), October 1999. Published every nine months by Oni Press Inc., 6336 SE Milwaukie Avenue, PMB30, Portland, OR 97202. Jay & Silent Bob are ™ & © 1999 View Askew Productions, Inc. View Askew logo and icon™ & © View Askew Productions, Inc. Unless otherwise specified, all other material © 1999 Oni Press, Inc. Oni Press logo and icon are ™ & © 1999 Oni Press, Inc. All rights reserved. Oni Press logo and icon artwork created by Dave Gibbons. The events, institutions, and characters presented in this magazine are fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. No portions of this publication may be reproduced, by any means, without the express written permission from the copyright holders. Here the damn thing is, so will you quit callin' and writin' and askin' for it now? Jeez, you'd think your life was gonna end, or something.
PRINTED IN CANADA.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS...
WE ALL KNOW HOW THE MAJORITY, AND THE MEDIA IN THIS COUNTRY, VIEW THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. THEY THINK OF US AS A PASSÉ AND ARCHAIC INSTITUTION.

THAT WAS THE SCENE LAST WEEK IN NEW JERSEY, WHEN HEAD OF THE VATICAN'S P.R. FORCE, CARDINAL IGNATIUS GLICK, ANNOUNCED THE CENTURIES OLD FAITH WOULD BE GETTING AN AESTHETIC OVERHAUL, THANKS TO A MULTI-MILLION ADVERTISING BLITZ DUBBED "CATHOLICISM, WOW!"
BACON: COFFEE: EGGS:

MOST WERE TAKEN ABACK BY ROME'S NEWER, HIPPER APPROACH TO THE TIME-HONORED, REGIMENTED TRADITION OF OLD, INCLUDING THE NEWLY CHRISTENED SYMBOL OF THE FAITHFUL — THE CONTROVERSIAL "BUDDY CHRIST."
Coffee



WELL, IT'S ABOUT FUCKING TIME, MAN...

FEELS LIKE YOU'RE TEN MONTHS LATE OR SOMETHING!
SNOOGANS!
Call off the Dogs, my retailing friends!
It's...
Jay and Silent Bob
Number Four (finally!)

FEELS LIKE YOU'RE TEN MONTHS LATE OR SOMETHING!
SNOOGANS!
Call off the Dogs, my retailing friends!
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ILLINOIS Made Easy!
Show Me the Way to go Home
Written by Tardy-Farty Kev
Drawn by Denyin' Duncan
Lettered by Apologetic Ellie
Edited by 'Jeez, we're Embarrassed' Joe and Jamie

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$5
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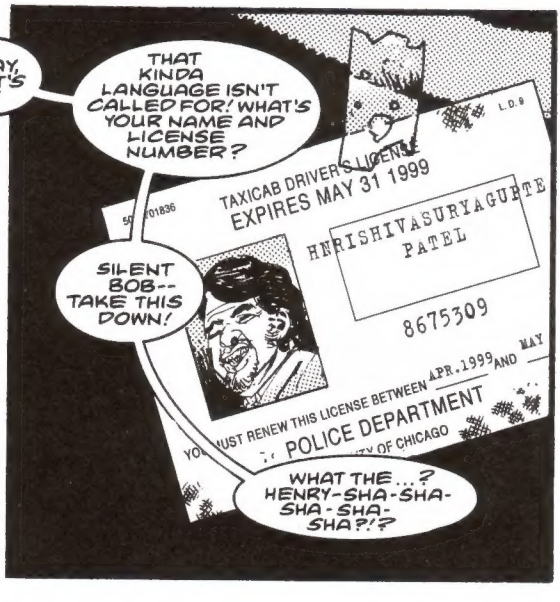
BLUFTONI!
NO TIME FOR THE SMALL-TALK, MY HINDU FRIEND. WE GOTS TO GET TO THE TOWN OF SHERMER, POST HASTE!

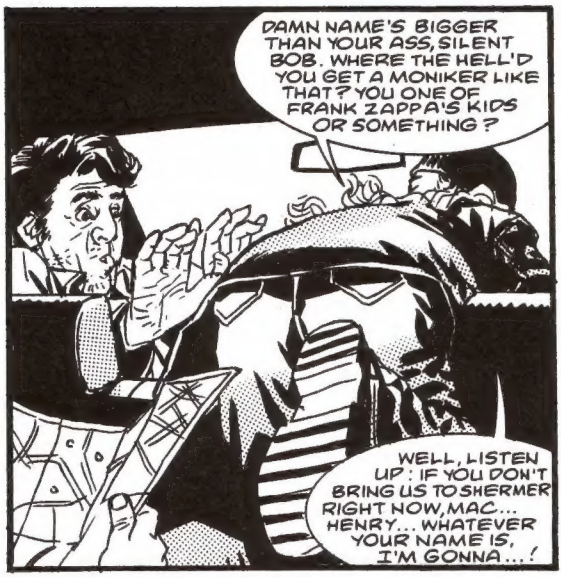
SHARRRR-MARRR?
YEAH, MAN--SHERMER, ILLINOIS. HOME OF RED-HEADED VIRGINS AND RICHIES AND STONERS AND KELLY LEBROCK! STEP ON IT, GANESHA!

SHARRR-MARRR--NO! NO SHARRR-MARRR.
C'MON, MAN! NOBODY'S GONNA STIFF YOU ON THE FARE! I GOTS THE GREEN RIGHT HERE!

NO. I NO SHARRR-MARRR. SEE? NO.
OH, WHAT? HIM? DON'T WORRY, MAN--WE AIN'T GONNA FUCK BACK HERE. I SEEN TOO MANY "TAXICAB CONFESSIONS" TO DO ANYTHING IN A CAB. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME AND TUBBY HERE JIZZING ALL OVER THE BACK SEAT, BECAUSE HE AIN'T EVEN MY TYPE!
I WOULDN'T SHIT-DICK HIM WITH YOURS, MOTHER-FUCKER!
NO OFFENSE, SILENT BOB.

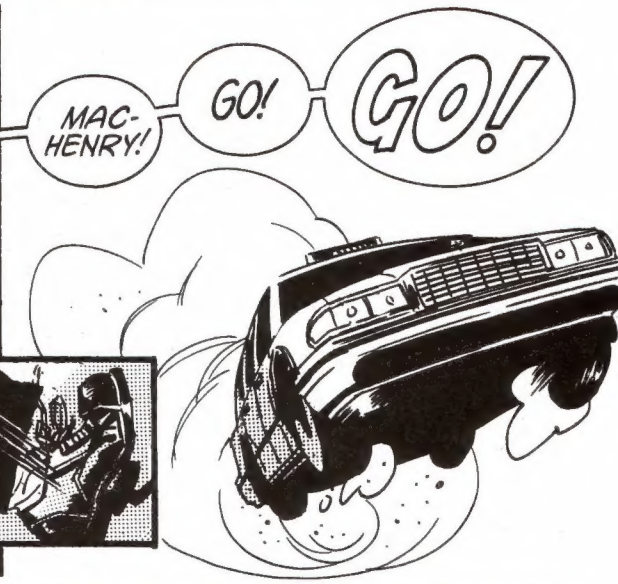
MOTHER-FUCKER YOU, HUNJI!
OKAY, THAT'S IT!


THAT KINDA LANGUAGE ISN'T CALLED FOR! WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND LICENSE NUMBER?
TAXICAB DRIVER'S LICENSE
EXPIRES MAY 31 1999
HRISHIVASURYAGURTE PATEL
8675309
SILENT BOB--TAKE THIS DOWN!
POLICE DEPARTMENT
WHAT THE...? HENRY-SHA-SHA-SHA-SHA-SHA?!?


DAMN NAME'S BIGGER THAN YOUR ASS, SILENT BOB. WHERE THE HELL'D YOU GET A MONIKER LIKE THAT? YOU ONE OF FRANK ZAPPA'S KIDS OR SOMETHING?
WELL, LISTEN UP: IF YOU DON'T BRING US TO SHERMER RIGHT NOW, MAC... HENRY... WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS, I'M GONNA...!

MAC-HENRY?!
HUNH?
YOU MAC-HENRY GO-GO?!
YEAH, MAC... HENRY... WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS -- WE GO-GO SHERMER. GO-GO NOW OR ME CALL YOUR BOSS. HE PUT FOOT UP YOU ASS.

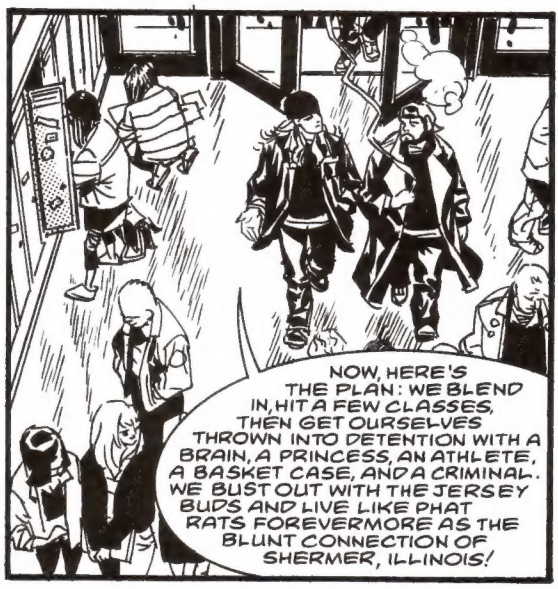
YES!


MAC-HENRY!
GO!
GO!

GODDAMN, THAT'S ONE WHACKY PAKI.

WHAT'D I TELL YOU? WHAT'D I SAY? DID I TELL YOU I'D GET YOU TO SHERMER, ILLINOIS? DID I? AND HERE WE ARE, MAN! HUGHES COUNTRY!
I KNOW THIS IS GONNA SOUND CORNY, SILENT BOB, BUT I FEEL A SENSE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?
THAT'S THE AMERICAN CAN-DO SPIRIT!
WE HAD A MANIFEST DESTINY, BIGGIE!
THE NORTH-WEST CALLED, AND WE ANSWERED!
PERSISTENCE OF VISION!
WE HAD A DREAM, WE SET OUT TO MAKE THAT DREAM A REALITY, AND EXCEPT FOR WHEN WE WERE ALMOST GUNNED DOWN WITH THE MONKEY AND WHEN I JERKED OFF THAT GUY, EVERY-THING WENT SMOOTH AS SILK.
AND THAT, MY FAT FRIEND, IS WHAT BEING AN AMERICAN IS ALL ABOUT!
WE'RE LIKE EMMANUEL LEWIS AND CLARK!
LIKE BETTY CROCKER--KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER!
LIKE GUNGHA DIN!
WE'RE LIVING, BREATHING ICONS OF THE AMERICAN DREAM, SILENT BOB!!! TRUE PARADIGMS OF THE GREATNESS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!!!
PLLBBBBT!
WHAT, MAN? AMERICANS FART!

ALAN SMITH Memorial High School
THIS HAS GOTTA BE IT, SILENT BOB. I GUESS THEY CHANGED THE SIGN OR SOMETHING, THOUGH. BUT BEYOND THAT DOOR LIES A FAT CASH COW JUST WAITING TO BE MILKED.
LET'S GO.


NOW, HERE'S THE PLAN: WE BLEND IN, HIT A FEW CLASSES, THEN GET OURSELVES THROWN INTO DETENTION WITH A BRAIN, A PRINCESS, AN ATHLETE, A BASKET CASE, AND A CRIMINAL. WE BUST OUT WITH THE JERSEY BUDS AND LIVE LIKE PHAT RATS FOREVERMORE AS THE BLUNT CONNECTION OF SHERMER, ILLINOIS!

AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO START...

WHAT'S UP, BRAINIAC? ARE YOU TIRED OF YANKING IT IN YOUR PARENTS' BATHROOM WITH THE WATER RUNNING? HAVE YOU HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH EVERYONE LEAVING DETENTION WITH A DATE EXCEPT YOU? WOULDN'T YOU-- JUST ONCE-- LIKE TO NAIL THE PROM QUEEN?
HUNH?

HERE'S THE ANSWER TO ALL YOUR SOCIAL WOES, FARMER TED. SHOW THE LADIES A LITTLE OF THIS, SAY GOOD-BYE TO THOSE LIES ABOUT DATING A GIRL IN CANADA.
OH, MY GOD...
UH...

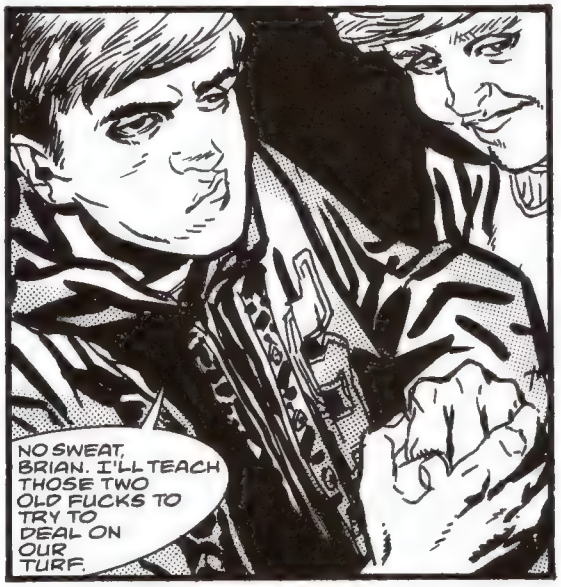
I GOTTA GO!
LOOK AT THAT POOR SONOVABITCH GO. I PROBABLY ROCKED HIS TINY, NERD WORLD WITH THE SIGHT OF THE CHRONIC. MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T AIM FOR THE UNENLIGHTENED BUYERS, AND INSTEAD HEAD FOR THE STONERS AND BURNOUTS.

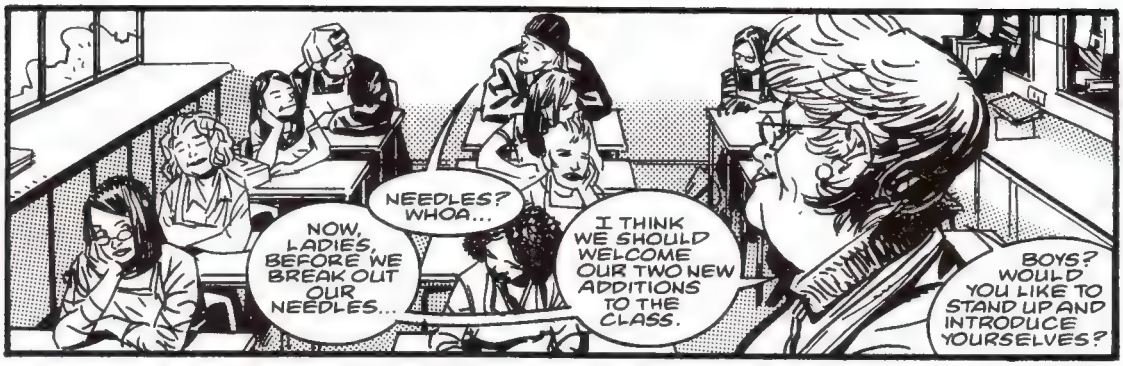
RIIIIIIIIINNNCC!
BUT HOW DO WE LOCATE THE HARDCORES WITHOUT THE HELP OF JUDD NELSON?

SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND, SILENT BOB. CHECK THAT OUT.

"EC" AS IN "X," MAN. AND WHO, I ASK, WOULDN'T CHOOSE A PHATTY BOOM-BATTY OVER THAT HUGGY-DRUG NONSENSE ANY DAY OF THE WEEK?
PLUS LOOK AT ALL THAT TAIL, MAN. WE'RE GONNA GET PAID AND LAID!
Home Ec.

THAT'S THEM, ANDY. THOSE'RE THE GUYS WHO ARE TRYING TO MUSCLE IN ON OUR ACTION.


NO SWEAT, BRIAN. I'LL TEACH THOSE TWO OLD FUCKS TO TRY TO DEAL ON OUR TURF.


NOW, LADIES, BEFORE WE BREAK OUT OUR NEEDLES...
NEEDLES? WHOA...
I THINK WE SHOULD WELCOME OUR TWO NEW ADDITIONS TO THE CLASS.
BOYS? WOULD YOU LIKE TO STAND UP AND INTRODUCE YOURSELVES?

YO, I'M JAY, AND THIS CORPULENT CUDDLY TO MY LEFT IS MY HETERO LIFEMATE, SILENT BOB. WE DON'T SKIN-POP, SO NEEDLES ARE WAY OUT OF OUR LEAGUE. BUT IF ANYONE WANTS TO BUST A NATURAL HIGH, WE'RE CARRYING SOME CHOICE BUDS FROM THE GARDEN STATE, AT REASONABLE RATES.

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE JUMPING THE GUN A BIT-- WE WON'T BE GETTING INTO POTTING AND SOILING FOR A FEW WEEKS.

OH, OUR POT WON'T MAKE YOU SOIL YOURSELF. YOU'LL JUST GET REAL MELLOW AND MIGHT WANNA TAKE YOUR APRONS OFF. WHICH I'M ALL FOR. I CAN'T SPEAK FOR MY TUBBY ASSOCIATE, THOUGH--AS I THINK HE MAY BE SPORTING LESS TESTOSTERONE THAN ANYONE ELSE HERE. SNOOGANS.

OH, WE KEEP OUR APRONS ON DURING CLASS, JAY. A CLEAN HOMEMAKER IS A HAPPY HOMEMAKER.
NOW, LADIES, LET'S TAKE OUT OUR NEEDLES AND MOVE INTO OUR CIRCLES.

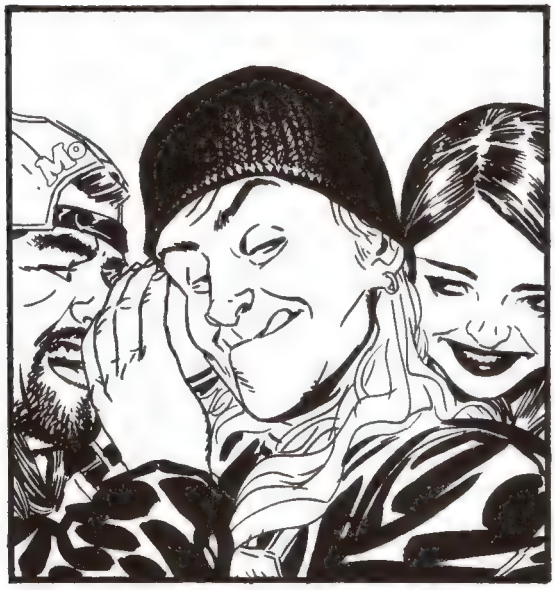
HOLY SHIT, SILENT BOB! THEY EVEN SHARE THEIR DAMN NEEDLES, TOO! WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME TO WEAN THESE JUNKIE BITCHES OFF THE DIESEL AND ONTO SOMETHING MORE HEALTHY FOR THEM...AND PROFITABLE FOR US.

HATE TO TAKE THE WIND OUTTA YOUR SAILS, FLY-BOY, BUT YOU AND MRS. STANLEY ARE ON TWO COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TRACKS.
SIT DOWN, BEFORE YOU BLOW YOUR COVER.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?
THIS IS THE NEEDLE SHE'S TALKING ABOUT -- NOT A HYPO. AND YOU'RE LUCKY THE OLD MAID MISSED THE SIXTIES COMPLETELY -- OTHERWISE SHE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN OBLIVIOUS TO YOUR ADMISSION TO YOUR OF CARRYING MARIJUANA INTO CLASS.

HOW THE HELL'RE YOU GONNA MAIN-LINE WITH THAT LITTLE THING? AND WHERE'RE THE SPOONS TO COOK THE SHIT?
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU, CAPTAIN TRIPS -- THIS IS A HOME ECONOMICS CLASS, NOT TO MENTION A HIGH SCHOOL. DID YOU REALLY THINK THEY'D BE TEACHING US HOW TO DO DRUGS IN HERE? WHAT PLANET ARE YOU FROM?
AND SPEAKING OF SHIT, WHERE IS THE SHIT, ANY-WAY?

PLANET DEEP-DICK, MY VIRGIN QUEEN. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE WHAT THIS EXTRA-TESTICAL CAN DO WITH HIS LONG, GLOWING FINGER?
NO CAN DO, E.T. -- I'M FROM PLANET RUG-MUNCH.
THEN HOW 'BOUT WE PLOT A STELLAR COURSE FOR URANUS?

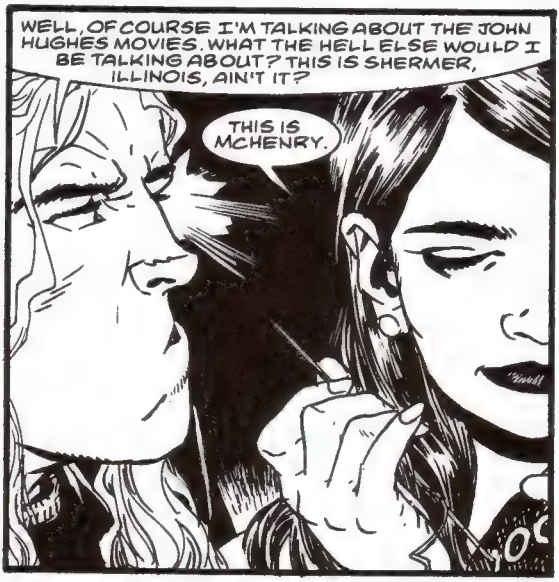


YOU MEAN LIKE "FINGER CUFFS"?
SEEMS YOUR FRIEND'S GOT A LITTLE MORE ON THE BALL THAN YOU, CASANOVA.
I'M CRYSTAL, BY THE WAY. HERE -- GIVE ME YOUR HAT, SO IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE DOING SOME-THING.

NEITHER OF YOU ARE YOUNG ENOUGH TO REALLY BE IN HIGH SCHOOL, SO MAY I ASK WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE?
WE'RE JUST TRYING TO HOOK UP WITH MOLLY RINGWALD AND HER CREW, SO'S WE CAN TURN THIS BERG ON ITS ASS HARDER THAN LISA WHEN SHE TURNED CHET INTO THAT TROLL-LOOKING THING.

I SEE. AND LISA IS?
GARY AND WYATT'S HOME-MADE LOVESLAVE, MAN. DUH.
SEE, WE'RE HOPING TO GET TOSSED INTO DETENTION, SO'S WE CAN TURN A FEW OF THESE SHERMER PUSSIES ONTO OUR WARES. WE JUST DON'T WANNA GET INTO IT WITH DICK VERNON, THOUGH. YOU FUCK WITH THAT BULL, AND YOU GET THE HORNS -- EVEN IF HE LOOKS LIKE HE RAIDED BARRY MANILOW'S WARDROBE.

SAY -- YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW OF ANY PARTIES TONIGHT? LIKE AT JAKE'S HOUSE, MAYBE? OR AT JAMES SPADER'S MANSION? HELL -- WE'D EVEN GO TO A KEGGER AT DUCKY'S IF WE HAD TO.
IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THE JOHN HUGHES MOVIES. YOU KNOW -- WEIRDSCIENCE. PRETTY IN PINK. SIXTEEN CANDLES.

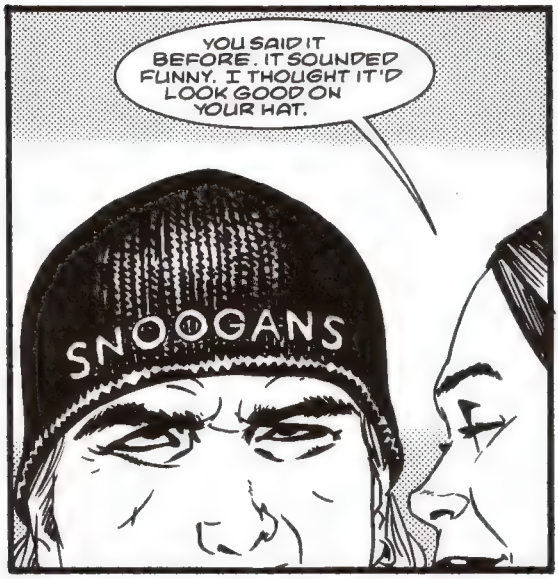

WELL, OF COURSE I'M TALKING ABOUT THE JOHN HUGHES MOVIES. WHAT THE HELL ELSE WOULD I BE TALKING ABOUT? THIS IS SHERMER, ILLINOIS, AIN'T IT?
THIS IS MCHENRY.

MC-WHO-RY?
MCHENRY. THAT'S THE NAME OF THE TOWN YOU'RE IN.
YOU MEAN WE AIN'T IN SHERMER, ILLINOIS?

SHERMER, ILLINOIS, DOESN'T EXIST. IT'S A FICTIONAL TOWN THAT JOHN HUGHES SET SOME OF HIS TEEN COMEDIES IN. HIS *FICTIONAL* TEEN COMEDIES, I MIGHT ADD.
DONE HERE.

YOU MEAN THOSE FLICKS AREN'T REAL?!?
WELL, NO, DUMMY. WERE YOU UNDER THE IMPRESSION THEY WERE DOCUMENTARIES OR SOMETHING?
THEY WEREN'T ?!?

I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO DIGNIFY THAT WITH A RESPONSE.
LEMME SEE HOW THIS LOOKS.

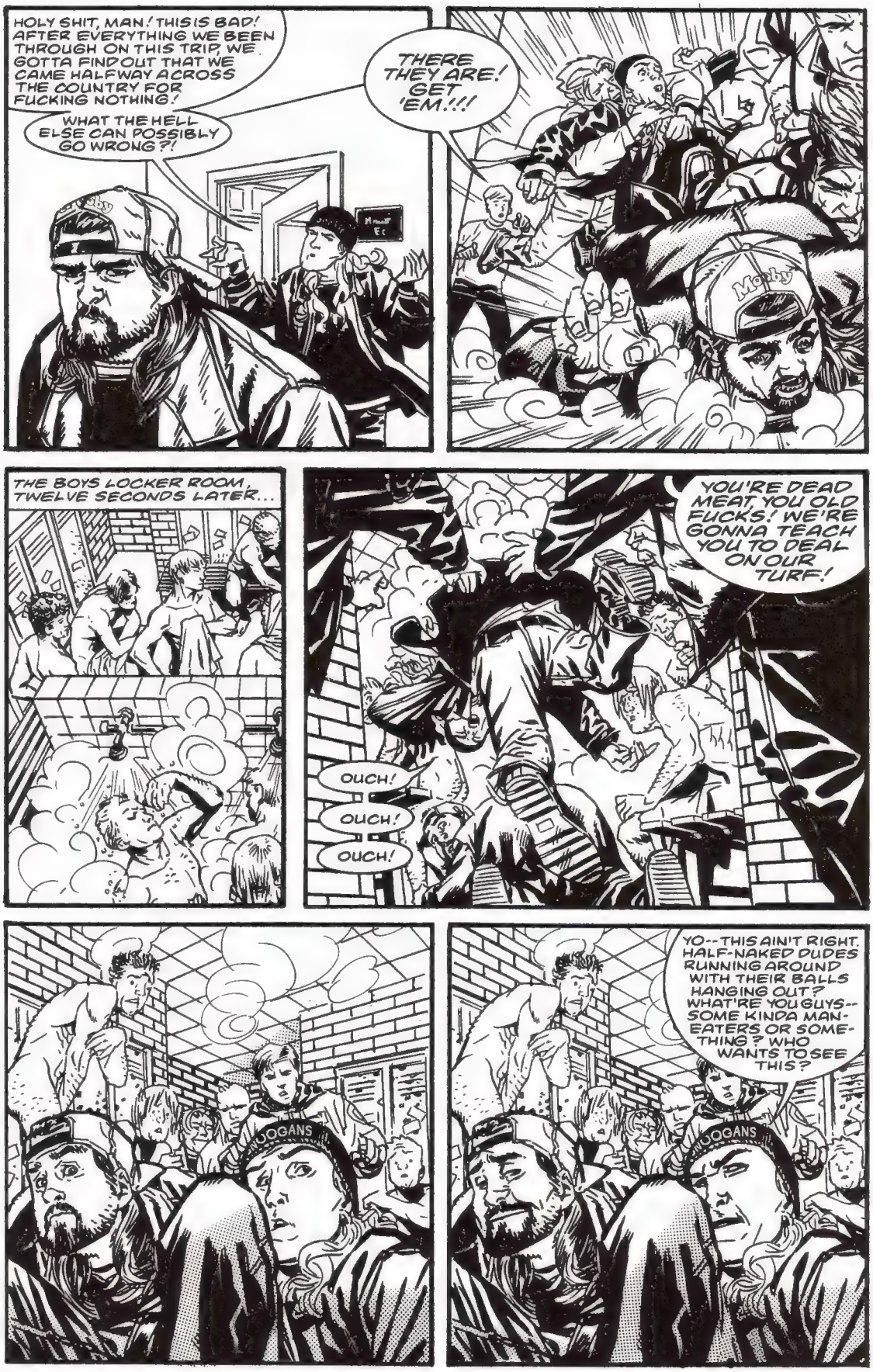

YOU SAID IT BEFORE. IT SOUNDED FUNNY. I THOUGHT IT'D LOOK GOOD ON YOUR HAT.
SNOOGANS

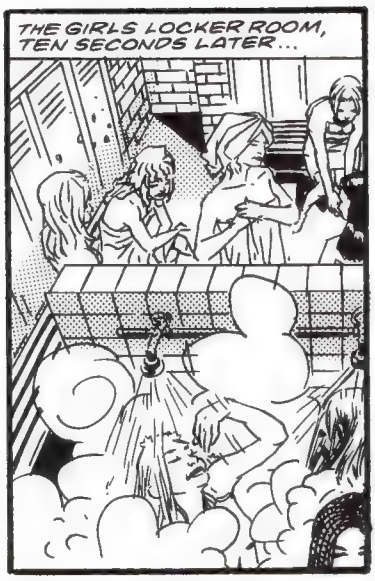
PERIOD'S OVER. GOTTA GET TO WOODSHOP. SORRY I RAINED ON YOUR PARADE. IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU, THOUGH. IT REMINDED ME WHY I ONLY BANG GIRLS.
BYE, "SNOOGANS."

WHY THE FUCK DIDN'T YOU EVER TELL ME THOSE MOVIES AREN'T REAL?!?
HUNHH?!?
JGANS

...

THAT'S ALL YOU CAN SAY FOR YOURSELF?!?


HOLY SHIT, MAN! THIS IS BAD! AFTER EVERYTHING WE BEEN THROUGH ON THIS TRIP, WE GOTTA FIND OUT THAT WE CAME HALFWAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY FOR FUCKING NOTHING!
WHAT THE HELL ELSE CAN POSSIBLY GO WRONG?!
THERE THEY ARE! GET 'EM!!!
THE BOYS LOCKER ROOM, TWELVE SECONDS LATER...
YOU'RE DEAD MEAT, YOU OLD FUCKS! WE'RE GONNA TEACH YOU TO DEAL ON OUR TURF!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
YO--THIS AIN'T RIGHT. HALF-NAKED DUDES RUNNING AROUND WITH THEIR BALLS HANGING OUT? WHAT'RE YOU GUYS--SOME KINDA MAN-EATERS OR SOMETHING? WHO WANTS TO SEE THIS?


THE GIRLS LOCKER ROOM, TEN SECONDS LATER...

NOW, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!
EEK!
YOU'RE DEAD MEAT, YOU OLD FUCKS! WE'RE GONNA TEACH YOU TO DEAL ON OUR TURF!
EEEK!!
TOTAL THEM, ANDY!
EEE!
TAKE THEIR FUCKING HEADS OFF!
THROW THEM A BEATING, MAN!

" NO, MAN-- TOSS THEM INTO THE SHOWER WITH THE GIRLS! THAT'LL SHOW 'EM!"
JOGANS

THATTA BOY, ANDY!
YOU SURE SHOWED 'EM, MAN!
THAT'LL LEARN 'EM TO TRY AN' PEDDLE THEIR SHIT AROUND THESE PARTS!
AND STAY THE HELL OFFA OUR TURF!

YOU SMOKED THOSE FOOLS BUT GOOD, ANDY!
WHAT CAN I SAY? THEY HAD IT COMING!

YO, BABY--CAN YOU LEND A BROTHER YOUR TOWEL?
SNOOGONS

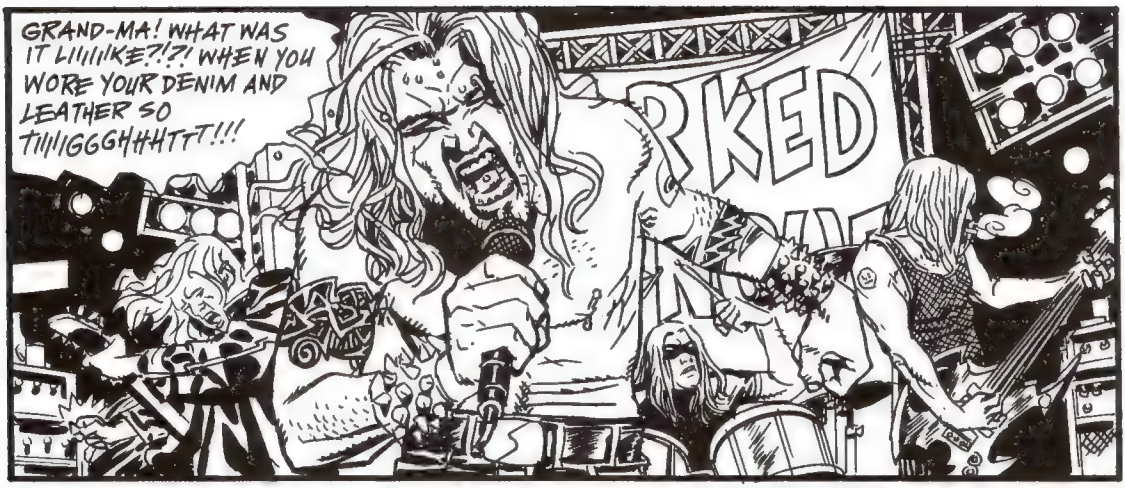
MAN, DID WE SHOW THE...

SUCKER!

SONOVABITCH!

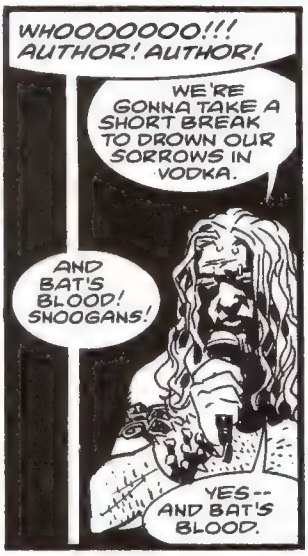
WHY THE HELL'D YOU HAVE TO DRAG ME OUTTA THERE? I FINALLY GET A CHANCE TO STICK MY JOHNSON INTO SOMETHING OTHER THAN MY FIST, AND YOU GOTTA GO AND SPOIL IT!
WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU WHEN THAT PORNO DUDE WAS BUSTING A LOAF ALL OVER MY HAND, HUNH? WHERE WERE YOU THEN?!
THE FIRST THING WE GOTTA DO IS GET US SOME FLY, DRY THREADS AND THEN FIND A WAY OUTTA THIS BERG.
I DON'T KNOW, LUNCHBOX -- WE MAY HAVE TO STEAL SOME MORE CLOTHES...

NONE OF THIS SHIT FITS.
ONE APPROPRIATE WARDROBE-SWAP LATER...
NOW THIS IS MORE LIKE IT. C'MON--IT'S GETTING LATE. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN CATCH A BUS OUTTA THIS BACK-WARDS-ASS TOWN.
9.30 IN THE P.M....
I'M TELLING YOU, MAN--THIS IS THE LAST TIME I LET YOU TALK ME INTO SOMETHING AS STUPID AS LEAVING THE TRI-TOWN. ALL WE GOTTA DO IS HEAD HOME, SWEET-TALK TRISH THE DISH A LITTLE BIT, MAYBE THROW HER A BONE, AND WE CAN GET THE LIVING ROOM BACK. AND THEN, IT'S...
TO LET
MURPHY'S LA
THRUMTHRUMTHRUMTHRUMTHRUMTHRUN
WAIT A SECOND...
THAT SOUNDS LIKE METAL.
HOOGANS
HOLY SHIT, SILENT BOB!
STRAP ON YOUR DENIM AND LEATHER, AND TAKE A TRIP BACK TO THE BEST OF 80'S SPEED AND DEATH METAL — TONIGHT ONLY AT MURPHY'S
THINGS'RE FINALLY LOOKING UP!
METAL, DUDE!
THRUMTHRUMTHRU
MUHN-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA! MUHN-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA! METAL! METAL! MUHN-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA

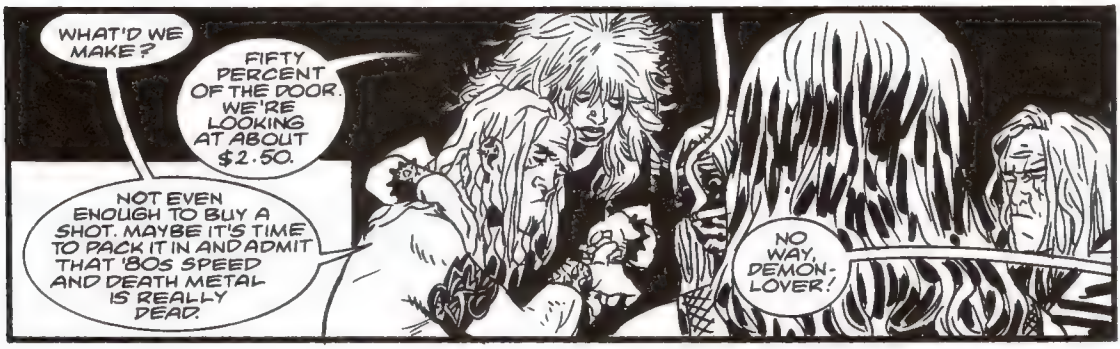

GRAND-MA! WHAT WAS IT LIIIIIKE?!?! WHEN YOU WORE YOUR DENIM AND LEATHER SO TIIIIGGGHHHTTT!!!
RKED

DEMONACY!!! THE MEANING OF DEATH!!! THE WAY THAT I WANT YOU TO DIIIIIIIIEEEEE!!!
MASTER OF PUPPETS, I'M PULLING YOUR STRINGS!!! BLACKIE!!! BLACKIE!!!

LAWLESS METAL GOD!!! I WANNA BUY YOUR ACTION FIGUUUUURRREE!
STAGE DIVE!

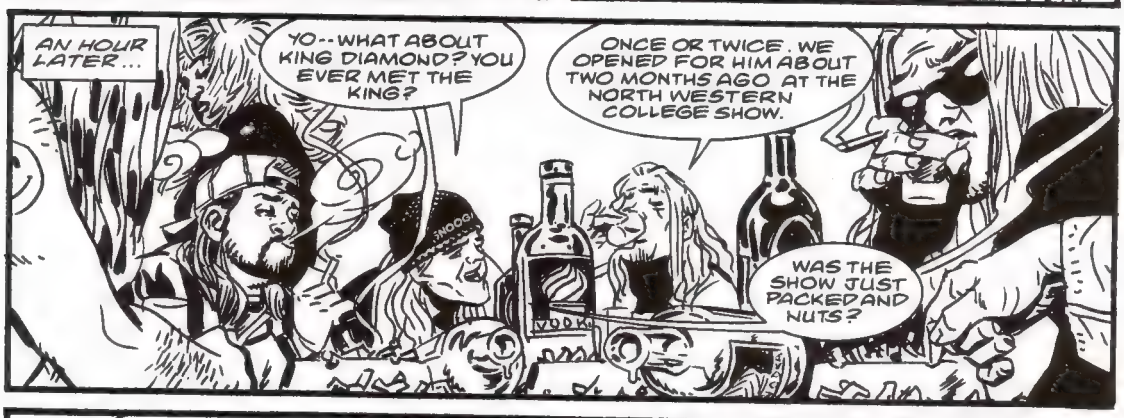

WHOOOOOOO!!! AUTHOR! AUTHOR!
WE'RE GONNA TAKE A SHORT BREAK TO DROWN OUR SORROWS IN VODKA.
AND BAT'S BLOOD! SHOOGANS!
YES -- AND BAT'S BLOOD.

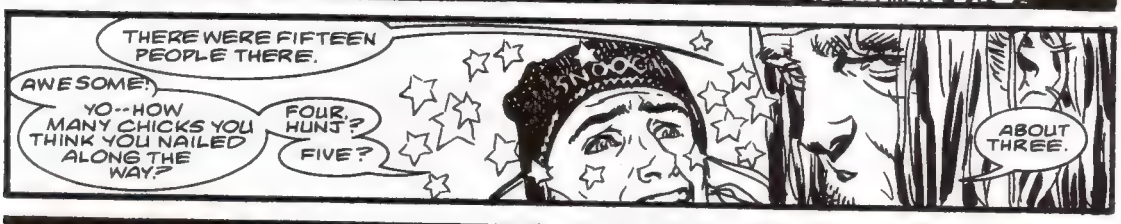
HOLY SHIT, SILENT BOB! THAT WAS WHAT FUCKING METAL IS ALL ABOUT!
YO -- LET'S SEE IF WE CAN HANG OUT WITH 'EM!


WHAT'D WE MAKE?
FIFTY PERCENT OF THE DOOR. WE'RE LOOKING AT ABOUT $2.50.
NOT EVEN ENOUGH TO BUY A SHOT. MAYBE IT'S TIME TO PACK IT IN AND ADMIT THAT '80S SPEED AND DEATH METAL IS REALLY DEAD.
NO WAY, DEMON-LOVER!

'80 S SPEED AND DEATH METAL BURNS ON LIKE THE PYRES OF HELL! IT'S ALIVE AND WELL AND BURNING IN YOUR BLACKENED SOULS!
WILL YOU ALLOW MY ASSOCIATE AND MYSELF THE HONOR OF BUYING YOU KINGS IN SATAN'S SERVICE A ROUND OF DRINKS?
IS THIS KID FOR REAL?

HE WAS THE GUY UP FRONT, ROCKING AND ROLLING ALL NIGHT AND PARTYING EV-ER-Y DAY. THESE TWO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE $2.50 YOU'RE WALKING AWAY WITH.


AN HOUR LATER...
YO--WHAT ABOUT KING DIAMOND? YOU EVER MET THE KING?
ONCE OR TWICE. WE OPENED FOR HIM ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO AT THE NORTH WESTERN COLLEGE SHOW.
WAS THE SHOW JUST PACKED AND NUTS?

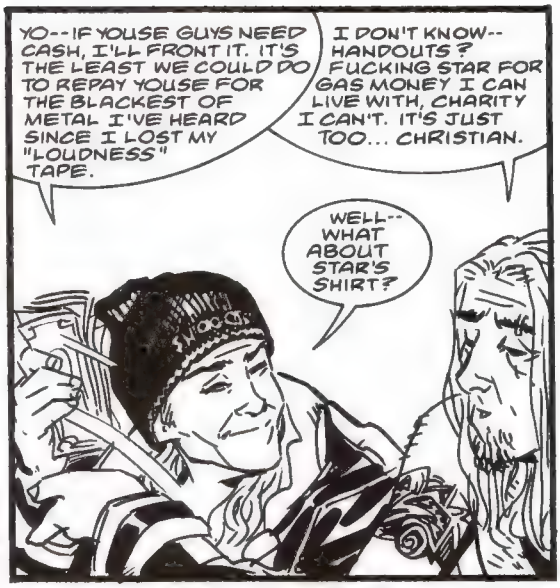

THERE WERE FIFTEEN PEOPLE THERE.
AWESOME!
YO--HOW MANY CHICKS YOU THINK YOU NAILED ALONG THE WAY?
FOUR, HUNJ?
FIVE?
ABOUT THREE.

A DAY, RIGHT? THREE A DAY?
HE'S KINDA CUTE, CORE. YOU WANT ME TO TAKE HIM OUT AND FUCK HIM IN THE VAN?

WE COULD USE THE GAS MONEY.

DUDE, I COULDN'T TOUCH YOUR EXALTED METAL PRINCESS. SHE'S A DELICATE TREASURE. A LOTUS.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, HEFTY? WANNA BE MY TURBO LOVER FOR TEN MINUTES IN EXCHANGE FOR SOME GAS MONEY?


YO--IF YOUSE GUYS NEED CASH, I'LL FRONT IT. IT'S THE LEAST WE COULD DO TO REPAY YOUSE FOR THE BLACKEST OF METAL I'VE HEARD SINCE I LOST MY "LOUDNESS" TAPE.
I DON'T KNOW--HANDOUTS? FUCKING STAR FOR GAS MONEY I CAN LIVE WITH, CHARITY I CAN'T. IT'S JUST TOO... CHRISTIAN.
WELL--WHAT ABOUT STAR'S SHIRT?

DO YOU SELL THOSE? I'LL BUY A LARGE AND A 3XL FOR LUNCHBOX OVER THERE.
WE HAVEN'T MADE A RUN OF SHIRTS SINCE '91. THIS IS THE ONLY ONE WE HAVE LEFT.

BUT IF YOU WANNA BUY THIS ONE...

...THEN GIVE ME TWENTY BUCKS.

DUDE--YOU ARE SO LUCKY.

WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR LETTING US HANG WITH YOUSE GUYS. IT'S THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO US.
WHAT-EVER.
THANKS FOR THE DRINKS. IT MADE ME FORGET FOR A FEW MINUTES THAT '80S SPEED AND DEATH METAL'S DEADER THAN G.G. ALLIN.
YOU SURE NEITHER OF YOU WANNA IMPALE ME ON YOUR FLESH-PITCHFORKS BEFORE WE GET OUTTA HERE?

WE'RE JUST NOT WORTHY ENOUGH. BUT I DO FEEL BAD THAT I GOT THIS SWEET SHIRT, AND MY TUBBY ASSOCIATE DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO PROVE THAT WE MET THE METAL GODS WHO'RE GONNA TAKE THE WORLD INTO THE NEW, METAL MILLENNIUM.

HERE...

WHOA...
I STOLE THIS FROM VINCE NEIL AFTER HIM AND NIKKI SIXX DOUBLE-TEAMED ME BACKSTAGE AFTER A CRÜE SHOW IN '85.

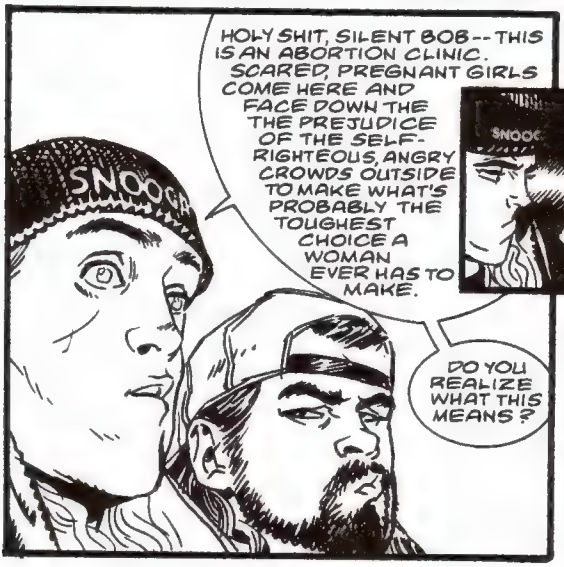
THAT'LL BE TEN BUCKS.

THAT ROCKED SO HARD, SILENT BOB. WE'RE THE LUCKIEST FUCKS IN THE WORLD.
YO--IT'S ALMOST SIX A.M. LET'S FIND SOMETHING TO EAT.
Mooby's
YOU KNOW, I BEEN THINKING, SILENT BOB. MAYBE WE SHOULD CHECK THIS PLACE OUT BEFORE WE MOVE ON--HANG OUT FOR A FEW DAYS OR SOMETHING.
BUT I NEEDS TO GET LAID, MAN. I'M ALL PENT UP. IF STAR CORE'S, I'D HAVE WAS ANYONE'S LADY BUT FASTER THAN YOU MADE WITH THE LOVE CAN EAT AN EGGA-MOOBY-MUFFIN.
SNOOGAN
SNOOGANS.
THE HIGH SCHOOL'S OUT OF THE QUESTION NOW. SO, WHERE CAN WE FIND SOME LOOSE WOMEN THAT'LL LET US LICK THEM UP AND DOWN UNTIL THEY STOP?
GOD HAS FINALLY STOPPED MOCKING US.
WHERE DO YOU THINK SHE'S GOING?

LET'S CHECK IT OUT, SILENT BOB.
LIFE!
CHOOSE LIFE!
WOMEN CLIN

YO-- WHAT IS THIS PLACE ?
LIFE!
MURDER!
A PLACE WHERE UNHOLY SURGEONS OF SATAN PERFORM FOUL, DEVIOUS DEEDS!
THIS IS THE DEVIL'S WORK-SHOP!
AND WE WANT IT STOPPED! NOW!

WHAT DO WE WANT?!?
RIGHT TO LIFE!
WHEN DO WE WANT IT?!?
NOW!!!


HOLY SHIT, SILENT BOB -- THIS IS AN ABORTION CLINIC. SCARED, PREGNANT GIRLS COME HERE AND FACE DOWN THE THE PREJUDICE OF THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS, ANGRY CROWDS OUTSIDE TO MAKE WHAT'S PROBABLY THE TOUGHEST CHOICE A WOMAN EVER HAS TO MAKE.
DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS ?
SNOOG

LOOSE WOMEN!!!

LATER...
YO? WANNA BONE?
NEXT ONE, DUDE. I PROMISE.

LATER, THAT NIGHT...
WOMEN'S CLINIC
HOW ABOUT THAT SHIT, MAN? NOT A NIBBLE ALL DAY LONG.

WOMEN'S CLINIC
THIS IS SOME IDEA OF YOURS-- I'LL TELL YOU.

WOMEN'S CLINIC
WHAT?

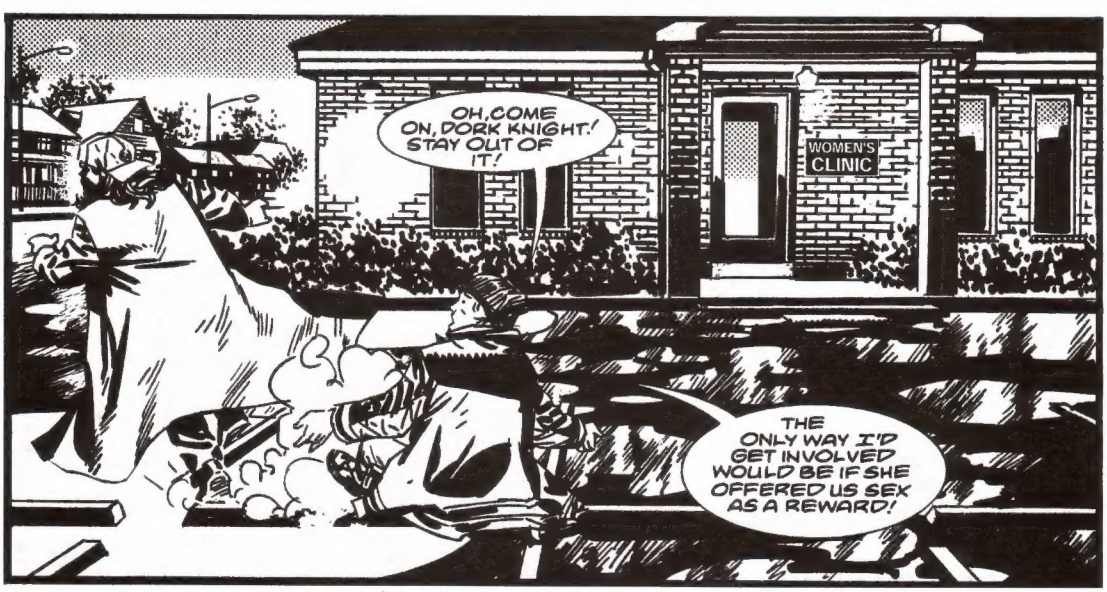
WOMEN'S CLINIC
SEE THAT? YOU MADE ME MISS THE LAST CHANCE OF THE NIGHT TO GET JIGGY WITH IT.

WOMEN'S CLINIC
NOW, WHAT THE HELL IS THIS SHIT?

WOMEN'S CLINIC

AAAAAHHHHH!!!
WOMEN'S CLINIC
HOLY SHIT. THAT'S GOTTA HURT.

WOMEN'S CLINIC
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT-- IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS, MAN. MAYBE THEY'RE SOME DISGRUNTLED PAPERBOYS WHO SHE HASN'T PAID IN A WEEK, AND THEY WANT THEIR TWO DOLLARS.


OH, COME ON, DORK KNIGHT! STAY OUT OF IT!
WOMEN'S CLINIC
THE ONLY WAY I'D GET INVOLVED WOULD BE IF SHE OFFERED US SEX AS A REWARD!

WOMEN'S CLINIC
HMMMM...

WOMEN'S CLINIC

WOMEN'S CLINIC
SNOOTCH TO THE MOTHERFUCKIN' NOOOOOTCH!!!
TO BE CONTINUED...
IN THEATRES ONLY, THIS FALL.

FUCKED UP LETTERS FROM FUCKED UP PEOPLE

Oni Press/Jay & Silent Bob, 6336 Milwaukie Avenue, PMB30, Portland, OR 97202 • email: Joeoni@spiritone.com

Dear lord, it's finally over. This is it. *Jay & Silent Bob* #4 is in your greasy, chubby hands, and you can finally get on with your lives (and we can get on with ours).

We all want to sincerely apologize for the unprecedented delays on this book. They weren't intended, and we started releasing this miniseries last summer with the best of intentions. We never thought it would take this long to do, but it did, and believe us, it was probably a bigger pain in our ass than yours. We had the burden of the collective guilt from all of you out there waiting for us to get done. It's nice to be out from underneath that. Hopefully, you'll all agree with us that it was worth the wait, that what you ended up with was something pretty special. And please believe us when we say we will do our best to never let this sort of thing happen again.

Okay...now that we're tying everything up, it's time we gave a public congratulations to the winner of our "Name the Letters Column" contest. The honor goes to Noryan Baker of Spokane, WA. As soon as we can get our minds to cast far enough back in our memories to remember what your prize was supposed to be, we'll get it out to you. Deal?

Hi!

I saw all of Kevin's movies not too long ago. My friends had been trying to get me to see the movies, and when I did, I was blown away. They were great! I went out and bought all the comics I could, *J&SB* #s 1-3 plus the *Oni Double Feature*. I laughed my ass off!

I really liked #2, where Jay and Silent Bob meet the "porn star." See, I'm a star in amateur porn, and I thought your story was just hilarious! I was amazed at how accurate everyone's attitudes were portrayed.

My friend and I wanted to tell Jay that if he hung out on our set, we wouldn't make him "fluff" any bisexual guys.

Thanks a lot.

Melissa B.
Phoenix, AZ

Melissa, I'm sure that as soon as Jay can scrounge up enough change, he'll buy a plane ticket out there. And be sure to e-mail us some of the titles you've starred in, because I'm sure Jim Mahfood is looking for something new to rent this weekend.

And here to save the name of all seventeen-year-olds after it was defamed by that loser in #2's letter-col:

To Whom It May Concern:

The quality of *J&SB* has reinstated my faith in American merchandise. The *J&SB* comic has brought many laughs to my history teacher, as well as myself.

After reading #1, I was inspired to become a writer. Thank you for the laughs and the inspiration.

Martin Muñoz
Age 17
Paramount, CA

See? All kids aren't bad, and not all entertainment inspires them to do evil. Of course, reading your letter kind of reminded me of some of those episodes of "MTV's Fanatic" where you can't help but sit there in dumbstruck awe that some idiot was given a new outlook on life because Jennifer Love Hewitt told them to be themselves in *Seventeen* magazine. It's like, can't you aspire to more than *this*? (Of course, I give that Hewitt fan props for being a dude and reading *Seventeen*. That's the way to get the chicks, my friends, become one of them! It worked for me! (Hey, R.B.!))

To Kevin:

Right, let's get one thing clear. Not all your readers are male, so I guess that I don't qualify as a gay fuck. As for having Jay go down on me like a circus seal, the mere thought alone is enough to give me nightmares. **[Finally, a voice of reason!]** However, if you'd offered Silent Bob instead...well, 'nuff said. **[Oni publisher Joe Nozemack says, *"Had him...but it was only good enough to get him a comics deal, so obviously it wasn't that great."*]**

A couple of months back, my comics shop owner suggested that I buy *Clerks: The Comic Book*, so I took his advice on board and bought something else. Then, with the release of *J&SB*, he advised me, once again, to buy this new comic. So, to shut him up, I did, the result being that I will never ignore his sage-like advice ever again.

Someone (my enigmatic comics shop owner) told me that you live in New Jersey. He also mentioned that it was kind of like New York, so out of curiosity, I borrowed an atlas from the library. Geography has never been my best subject, so imagine the shock that I got when I found out that it isn't a city, as I'd originally thought, but a state. I wish to admit to that highly amusing error. Please feel free to laugh. **[We did, coz you limeys are funny. Hell, look at Fegredo...he's a giggle a minute.]**

I would say carry on with the good work, but I expect you will anyway.

Shann
Twerton, Bath, Banes
England

Man, even your address makes me smile. My favorite place in England, though, is Ramsbottom, where comics writer Malcolm Bourne lives. Heh-heh. He lives up a sheep's arse.

All right, that's enough abuse for one series. Keep a look out for further View Askew adventures in our upcoming Kevin Smith comics: *Clerks: The Lost Scene* with Phil Hester and Ande Parks, *Bartleby & Loki* with Scott Morse, and *Mallrats*, again with Phil and Ande, some time in the year 2000. And go see *Dogma* on November 12th!

Toodles,
Jamie
bastard in chief

NORMALLY, WHAT ENDS UP ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR ISN'T VERY GOOD. THIS BOOK IS ANYTHING BUT NORMAL.

Clerks.™
(The Lost Scene)

ADAPTED BY KEVIN SMITH FROM HIS ORIGINAL FILM SCRIPT
ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL HESTER AND ANDE PARKS
COVER BY DUNCAN FEGREDO

JUST WHEN YOU THINK WE'VE MILKED IT DRY, WE DREDGE UP A LITTLE MORE.
COMING IN AUGUST FROM ONI PRESS.

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